Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my ſelfe, *Thisbies* father; *Snugge* the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope here is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? pray you if it be, giue it me, for I am ſlowe of ſtudy.

Quin. You may do it *extempore*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lyon too, I will roare, that I will do any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke ſay, Let him roare again, let him roare againe.

Quin. If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſſe and the Ladies, that they would ſhrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs euery mothers ſonne.

Bot. I grant you friends, if you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would haue no more diſcretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voyce ſo, that I will roare you as gently as any ſucking Doue; I will roare you and t'were any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*, for *Piramus* is a ſweet fac't man, a proper man as one ſhal ſee in a ſommers day; a moſt louely gentlemanlike man, therefore you muſt needs play *Piramus*.

Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it, in eyther your ſtraw-colour beard, your orange tawny beard, your purple in graine beard, or your french crowne colour beard, your perfit yellow.

Quin. Some of your french crownes haue no haire at all; and then you will play bare fac't. But maſters heere are your parts, and I am to entreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you,

you, to con them by too morrow night: and meete me in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moonelight, there we will rehearſe: for if we meete in the Citty, we ſhall be dogd with company, and our deuiſes knowne, In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bot. We will meete, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and couragiouſly. Take paines, be perfit, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oke we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-ſtrings. *Exeunt*.

Enter a fairy at one doore, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Robin. How now ſpirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Ouer hill, ouer dale, through buſh, through brier,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander euery where, ſwifter then the Moons ſphere;
And I ſerue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbes vpon the (greene.
The cowſlips tall, her penſioners be,
In their gold coats, ſpots you ſee,
Thoſe be Rubies, Fairy fauours,
In thoſe freckles, liue their ſauors,
I muſt goe ſeeke ſome dew drops here,
And hang a pearle in euery cowſlips eare.
Farwell thou Lob of ſpirits, Ile be gone,
Our Queene and all her Elues come here anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels heere to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his ſight,
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy ſtollen from an Indian king,
She neuer had ſo ſweete a changeling,
And iealous *Oberon* would haue the childe,
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forreſts wilde.
But ſhe, perforce with-holds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.